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The Meaning of Life

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Summary

Emma catches someone cutting themselves. Eventually, they watch a movie together.

After the movie, they see something lurking outside.

The First Few Hours

Overwhelming, unrivaled, pitch black. Small, shimmering, silver lights. And a white, entrancing moon.

Hard, downpouring water. Gray, intrusive clouds.

She looked up at it all, through her window, pressing against the frame, processing it all. She was beautiful. Her long, dark, soft hair. Her mysterious, deep, purple eyes. Her breath was steady, yet deep. She was breathtaking, and yet, she hated herself.

She moved over towards her piano, having been entranced by the beautiful rain long enough. She powered it on, laid her careful hands onto the keys, and began to play. The melody was as mesmerizing as her. She made it herself, and it was hers alone, not to be shared. Each note was played as intended. The exact length she had envisioned.

Then, one note went for a beat too long. She kept pressing on, but afterwards, things were off. Notes were slightly drawn out, and a few were wrong. She stopped entirely, losing her flow. She took a deep, frustrated breath. Unsteady this time.

She restarted, this time, everything slightly faster. She wanted to get back to her mistake area. She played and played, messing up once. She restarted, her keystrokes being firmer this time. Louder.

The melody was now loud, harsh, and fast. It played as if in agony. It carried an entirely different meaning, now. She repeated it over and over, until every note was perfect. Yet, it wasn't the same anymore. It wasn't gentle anymore. It was jagged. Painful.

She clicked off the piano, and her mind started to wander. It was Thursday. Only one more day, and then she could rest. That's what she always told herself. That's how she realized she was a very convincing liar. If you can fool yourself, you can fool almost anybody...except for the people who care.

She laid in bed, and didn't sleep. She got up. She changed her clothes. She used the bathroom. She ate her breakfast. It was all the same as usual. There was no thought involved. In what felt like the next moment, she was in her first class. She set down her purse, and let her mind wander, faking attention.

Another girl. Her name was Emma. Precious, blue eyes, and flowing, long brown hair. She was much more upbeat than the other girl. She wore a bright, red jacket, blue jeans, and white shoes. She was happy, and nothing could change that. She was in a different class, drawing another one of her pictures. That was when the bell rang.

It was gym class. Sweat poured over her face, down her body, soaking her. She was fast. She could

outrun just about anyone. Eventually, a pain in her arm started. Strong, sharp pain. The sweat was pouring into a small cut on her arm. She wasn't very phased by it, though.

A boy named Jordan, with blonde hair and green eyes, was taking a water break. He looked over at her once she finished her lap. Many boys did this, but this one looked differently. He didn't find himself in love with her, he found himself loving her. The way she paced herself, the way her body flowed between motions. She was perfect...at running.

The girl caught a look of his stunned face, having not noticed each other much before. Once she finished her lap, they caught another glance, and the girl wasn't impressed. She didn't care for him compassionately, either.

"You're really good at pacing yourself." He commented. The girl simply nodded in reply.

The boy started to talk to someone else. Another boy named Logan. Dark, red hair. Brown eyes. The two of them wore white tank tops, now a wet shade of gray. The two boys hugged each other, and the class was over. It was finally time for a break.

The Break

The girl headed into the showers, hanging up her purse, skirt and crop top...which she still wasn't sure if she was technically allowed to wear. She turned on the water, and the stinging on her arm continued. It wasn't enough for her, though. God, she needed more. She deserved more.

She reached subtly into her purse, pulling out a knife. She had done this many times before. It was easy now, mentally. Before, her breathing was deep, and heavy. Her body was loose, and shaky. Her knife was old, and dirty. She had learned composure. She firmly gripped the clean blade in her hand, and forced it to glide against her skin like butter. The blood seeped onto her, but not too much. She had learned how to fix that mistake. It was painful for a while, and it felt so good. Eventually, though, the natural pain killers started to kick in. It was already gone.

She started to properly soak her hair, and wash the blood away, when someone walked by. It was Emma.

Her heart dropped, and her blood flowed fast. Her stomach squirmed, and her instincts nearly took over, but she forced her throat to keep her lunch down. She stared for a few moments, while the girl was facing her head down, soaking her hair. She didn't know what to do. Her entire body was frozen. Eventually, the black haired turned around, and her heart dropped, too.

She still held the knife, and there was no way that Emma could have missed it. She froze for a moment, too.

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God…" Emma eventually managed to say, mumbling it to herself, trying to keep calm. The black haired girl simply set the knife back in her purse, wrapping it in a small towel tucked underneath a bottle, waiting for her to calm down.

"Are you okay?" Emma nervously and frantically asked, as soon as she composed herself.

The other girl simply nodded no, and turned off the shower, starting to dry off.

'What am I talking about, of course she's not okay,' Emma thought.

"Please, don't...don't...do that." Emma panicked. She didn't have any helpful words of advice. She had never been in a situation like this before.

The other girl finished drying off hastily, quickly putting back on her clothes. Emma quickly hugged her as soon as she could, to her surprise. She awkwardly held her arms up while Emma held onto her, eventually letting go.

"Sorry." Emma muttered. The other girl nodded no.
"How...how often do you do that?" Emma nervously asked. The other girl shrugged.
"Sorry...dumb question...what's your name?" Emma asked, hoping to be her friend and cheer her up.

The other girl awkwardly stood there for a moment, then pointed to her throat, then her mouth, as if to talk, and then made a throat slicing motion, while nodding her head no.

"Oh...yeah...sorry, I forgot you were mute." Emma said, feeling even worse than before. The other girl dismissed it with a simple wave of her hand.

"Uh...if you want, I'm having a movie night tonight, if you wanna, like, hang out." Emma

suggested, desperately. The other girl shrugged.

They both stood there for a moment, without knowing what to say.

The other girl eventually reluctantly nodded, wanting this girl to feel like she had done something to help.

"Cool, uh, I'll write it down, give me a sec." Emma said, grabbing out her small drawing notepad out of her pocket, and scribbling down the time and address. She ripped out the page, and handed it to her.

"All right, I'll see you there." Emma said quickly, as the bell rang. She headed off in a rush.

The girl flipped around the paper she was given. There was a drawing of a meadow at night, with a pack of wolves, on the other side.

"Cute." She muttered to herself, shoving it into her pocket.

Hang Out

After Emma heard her knocks, Emma opened the door for her.

"Welcome!" Emma said, enthusiastically.

She walked in, and saw Logan, busy fidgeting with a walkie-talkie.

"Jordan's outside chopping wood. He says he'll be finished soon." Emma said.

This seemed to be Jordan's house. She spotted pictures of him, and the room was filled with plaid patterns. She made her way onto the couch, and next to Logan.

"I'm trying to see if I can pick up anyone." He said, without even being questioned.

He stopped, and looked at her. He looked for an uncomfortable amount of time. He reached out, and nearly touched the sweater she was wearing. She quickly pulled her arm away.

"Sorry. People say I'm touchy." He said, going back to his walkie-talkie.

She quickly got up, and stood next to Emma.

"I'll start the movie soon, don't worry." Emma said.

The movie finished. She did not care for it. The entire time, though, Emma was sitting next to her. She was resting her hand on her sweater, right where the cut had been. Emma clearly cared for her.

The TV suddenly went to static.

"Weird." Emma muttered, attempting to turn off the TV. The lights slowly dimmed. It was now pitch black, besides the blinding blacks and whites being displayed.

"What the hell?" Emma, again, muttered.

She quickly got up, and turned her head outside of an empty window. Nothing yet, but it had to be there. Emma got up, and quickly took her hand. The two of them walked outside, with the two boys following.

"Where are we going?" Emma asked.

She rummaged through her purse, and grabbed her flashlight. She attempted to turn it on multiple times, but to no avail. She violently threw it on the sidewalk below them.

"What is happening?" Emma said, desperately.
"I don't know!" Jordan eventually said.
"Please try and explain!" Emma said, shaking her sleeve with her other hand.
"Calm down, calm down...." Jordan mumbled repeatedly.

She saw rustling in the trees, as she expected. She tapped Emma, and pointed towards them.

There was nothing.

They both stared, in silence.

Waiting.

Waiting.

WOOSH. Something quickly darted across. Something tall, with gray skin, and bright, small, glowing eyes.

"What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck...." Emma muttered.

Jordan ran away to the back of the house, and Logan quickly followed. In response, she tightened her grip on Emma's hand. She pulled her knife out of her purse, and handed it to her.

"I, uh, I…" Emma stuttered, taking it from her.

Emma's heart pounded, hard. It felt like it was going to explode.

She didn't feel a thing. She had expected this.

Death

They made their way into the back, after nobody had returned. It had been less than a minute, and something had already gone wrong.

Logan was holding Jordan up against the side of the house, choking him. His axe was laying on the ground, next to the pile of wood. She quickly ripped it out, held it so the side was facing forward, and slammed it against his back. He fell to the ground, and laid there for a moment. Jordan tried to get his breath back, and frantically backed away.

Logan started to get up, before she slammed the axe properly into his skull. She motioned for them to follow her into the house, and they didn't hesitate a single second.

They made their way into Jordan's bedroom, and she laid down on his bed. Jordan looked confused, but didn't say a word. He had more important things to worry about. She motioned for Emma to join her. Emma hesitated, and then laid down.

"W-why?" Emma stuttered.

She put a finger against her mouth, making a quiet gesture. Emma nodded. She held onto her hand, and felt her pulse quicken.

She grabbed her address paper out of her pants, and a pen out of her purse, and quickly wrote down 'Calm,' underlining it multiple times.

"I can't, I can't." Emma insisted.

'If you do, it won't hurt you. I promise.' She wrote.

"Oh, okay, I-I'll try." Emma said.

And she did. Her heart slowed down a bit, and they both just laid there, trying to block the monster out of their minds. Jordan, on the other hand, sat down, pacing back and forth.

"Shouldn't we help him?" Emma asked. She nodded no.
"Why?" She questioned.

She smiled in response.

The monster burst into the room without warning, and quickly grabbed onto Jordan.

It had long claws that could hold someone, but slice them into pieces in a moment's notice.

It had long, wide, pitch black eyes, with only small, glowing dots inside.

It had a big, empty, smiling mouth, which Jordan was now inside.

Emma screamed.

She put her hand over her mouth.

The monster stood there, staring for a moment.

Emma wasn't calming down fast enough.

She quickly hugged Emma, and she hugged her back.

That was enough.

The monster ran out of the house, looking for more prey.

Sleepover

"Why didn't you save him?!" Emma said, angry, but too worn out to scream again.

She smiled.

"Why the fuck do you just sit there and smile?!" Emma said, still furious.

She pulled out a piece of paper from her purse, and handed it to Emma. It was long and complicated. She pointed to a certain section for Emma to read.

"Oh." She said, nervously.

Emma looked back at her completely differently now.

"Why did you not let me die?" She questioned.

She simply went to hug her again, but she stepped away.

"Get the fuck away from me." Emma said, nervous once again. "You're a fucking monster. You're...you're insane."

Her rare smile went away again.

She was right. She didn't really deserve Emma, did she? Emma didn't deserve to deal with her problems, and her secrets. She didn't care, though. The paper was proof of that.

Why did she care, then? She shouldn't. She mentally couldn't.

Then why? Why was this girl...cute? Fuck, she really did CARE for this girl. Moments ago, they were friends, weren't they? No, no, this was all wrong.

She pulled a bottle out of her purse, and took a drink of it.

"God, fuck, do I love the taste of bleach." She said.

A pause. For a few moments, Emma was surprised that the girl could speak. Then, she processed what she had said. Even further afterwards, she processed her situation.

Everyone around her, dead. She was now the sole survivor.

"No, please, fuck, stop." Emma muttered.

A long, painful pause.

She laughed. She genuinely laughed.

"What? What?" Emma wildly questioned.

"It's not actually fucking beach." She said.

"THAT WASN'T FUCKING FUNNY!" Emma said, shoving her a little.

"Sorry, I...I was just seeing if you cared for me, even a little." She admitted.

"I...I'm sorry." Emma said, trying not to get on her bad side.

"I just wish you would treat me like...like a person, ya know?" She said.

"I'm sorry." Emma repeated.

"It's fine. I'm used to it by now." She said.

A pause.

"I'm sorry for acting...unnaturally...and letting that guy die." She said.

Another pause.

"It was just so fucking amazing to watch." She admitted.

A longer pause.

"I need fucking therapy."
"Please."
"I will."
"Really?"
"I don't know."
"Please."
"Make me."
"I can't MAKE you."
"I know."
"You know you want it, so just…"
"It's not that easy."
"I know. Sorry."

A pause.

"Do it...for me?"

"Fuck. God, fuck."

Another pause.

"Okay, okay, okay. I'll try."

"Thank you."